Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-chekt Bitte, and a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrained to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with packthreed.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list; an old hat, and the humor of fourty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, and not like a Christian foot-boy, or a Gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis some old humor prickes him to this fashion, yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his backe.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparel'd as I wish you were.

Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is is my louely bride?
How does my father? gentles me thinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie?

Bap.

Bap. Why sir, you know this is y
First were we sad, fearing you would
Now sadder that you come so vnpro
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your es
An eye-sore to our solemne festiuall

Tra. And tell vs what occasion c
Hath all so long detain'd you from
And sent you hither so vnlike your s

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my wo
Though in some part inforced to di
Which at more leisure I will so excu
As you shall well be satisfied withall
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long f
The morning weares, 'tis time we w

Tra. See not your Bride in these
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes

Pet. Not, I believe me, thus Ile

Bap. But thus I trust you will no

Pet. Good sooth euen thus: th
To me she's married not vnto my cl
Could I repaire what she will weare i
As I can change these poore accoutre
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for
But what a foole am I to chat with y
When I should bid good morrow to
And seale the title with a louely kisse

Tra. He hath some meaning in hi
We will perswade him be it possible
To put on better ere he goe to Churc

Bap. Ile after him, and see the eue

Tra. But sir, Loue concerneth vs
Her fathers liking, which to bring to
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to ou
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I haue prom

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